The Famous Old BALLAD or

HISTORY

Of the BATTLES of

Floddon-Field.

Which were fought between the *Engliſh*, under the Earl of *Surrey*, (in the Abſence of King *Henry* VIII. of *England*, who was fighting in *France*) and the *Scots*, under their valiant King *James* IVth of *Scotland*, who was ſlain in the ſaid Battle, in the Year of our Bleſſed Lord, 1513.

Containing the valiant and renowned Actions of ſeveral Lords, Knights and Squires.

PART III.

YORK: Printed by *Thomas Gent.*

The Famous HISTORY or Ballad of the Battles fought in Floddon-Field, &c.

Taken from an antient Manuſcript, which was tranſcrib'd by Mr. RICHARD GUY, *late School-Maſter in* Ingleton, Yorkſhire.

PART III. *To a pleaſant Tune.*

The Fifth Fight.

SIR *Chriſtopher Ward* the next enſu'd, 1
With him Sir *Edward Ethingham*;
Next were Sir *Nicholas Appleyard*,
Sir *Motham Sidney*, *Averingham*.
All theſe in foremoſt Battle bold, 2
Theſe valiant Knights in Vanguard were:
Seven thouſand Men numbred and told,
Simpleſt of whom bear Bow or Spear.
Then the Earl Sir *Edmund Howard* 3
Did call, and Marſhall ſoon him made.
My Son, ſaid he, now ſoon ſet forward,
With valiant Hearts the *Scots* invade.

Chief

Chief Captain of the Right-hand Wing, 4
To Brother thine I thee ordain;
Now ſurely ſee thou ſerve the King,
And for his Sake ne'er think it Pain.
Of *Southern* Soldiers hundreds two, 5
Under thy Wing ſhall go with thee.
A thouſand Thanks Sir *Edmund* to
His Father dear did render free.
With him was match'd an equal Mate, 6
Bryan Tunſtall, that truſty 'Squire;
Whoſe Stomach ſtout nought could abate,
Nor ought could ſway his bold Deſire.
The Glory of his Grandſire old, 7
The famous Acts too of his Sire;
His Blood, *Unſpotted*, made him bold,
And ſtirr'd his Stomach, hot as Fire.
For when Debate did firſt begin, 8
And Rancour rais'd moſt ruful Work,
And ruffling rul'd this Realm within,
'Twixt *Lancaſter* and the Houſe of *York*.
During which hurly-burly Strife, 9
Were murthered many a Mother's Child,
Many a Lord bereav'd of Life,
And Noble Houſe with Blood defil'd.
But this Man's Father, void of Fear, 10
While in this Realm ſuch Ruffling was,
To *Henry* the Sixth did ſtill adhere,
And for no Pains did from him paſs.

For he to *York* would never yield, 11
For all the Strugling, Stir and Strife;
Nine Times he fiercely fought in Field,
So oft in Danger was his Life.
And when the King was Captive caught, 12
And the Earl of *Warwick* overthrown,
To ſave his Life beſt Means he ſought,
And was in Bark to *Britain* blown.
With Earl of *Richmond* he remain'd, 13
And Lords of the *Lancaſtrian* Kin;
When then the Earl the Crown had gain'd,
And *England*'s Empire fair did win,
He render'd *Tunſtall* all his Right, 14
Knowing his valiant Blood unſtain'd,
The King he caus'd this truſty Knight,
Undefil'd TUNSTAL to be nam'd.
Moſt fierce he fought at *Thalian* Field, 15
Where *Martin Swart* on Ground lay ſlain;
When Rage did reign, he never reel'd,
But like a Rock did ſtill remain.
Now came this Man amongſt the reſt, 16
To match his Father in Manhood,
For Battle ready bent and preſt,
With him a Band of luſty Blood.
Next went Sir *Bold* and *Butler* brave, 17
Two valiant Knights of *Lancaſhire*;
Then *Barkerton* bold, and *Bygod* grave,
With *Warcob* wild, a worthy 'Squire.
Next *Richard Chomley* and *Chiſton* ſtout, 28
With Men of *Hadfield*, and of *Hull*;
Rawrence of *Dun*, with all his Rout,
The People freſh with them did pull.

John

John Clarice then was 'nexed near,
With *Stapleton* of Stomach ſtern ;
Next whom *Fitz-Williams* forth did fare,
Whom Martial Feats was not to learn.
Theſe Captains keen, with all their Might,
In Right-hand Wing did warlike wend :
All theſe on *Edmund Howard*, Knight,
The Earl his Sire ordain'd to attend.
Then next the Left-hand Wing did wield
Sir *Marmaduke Conſtable* old ;
With him a Troop well try'd in Field,
And eke his Sons and Kinsfolk bold.
Next whom Sir *William Piercy* bold,
Went with the great Earl *Piercy*'s Power,
From *Lancaſhire*, of luſty Blood,
A thouſand Soldiers ſtiff in Stoure.
Then the Earl himſelf did undertake
Of the Rearward the Regiment ;
Whom Barons bold did bravely back,
And *Southern* Soldiers ſeemly bent.
Next whom in Place was 'nexed near,
Lord *Scroop* of *Bolton* ſtern and ſtout ;
On Horſeback who had not his Peer.
No *Engliſh* Man *Scots* more did doubt.
With him did wend all *Weuſleddale*,
From *Morton* unto *Morſdale-Moor* :
All they that dwelt by the Banks of *Swale*,
With him were bent in Harneſs Store.
From *Wenſdale* warlike Wights did wend,
From *Biſhopſdale* went Bowmen bold ;
From *Coverdale* to *Cotter End*,
And all to *Kidſon* Cauſey cold.

From *Mollerſtang* and *Middleham*,
And all from *Mask* and *Middletonby*;
And all that climb the Mountain *Cam*,
Whoſe Crown from Froſt is ſeldom free.
With luſty Lads and large of Length,
Which dwelt on *Seimer* Water-ſide;
All *Richmondſhire* its total Strength,
The valiant *Scroop* did lead and guide.
Next went Sir *Philip Tilney* tall,
With him Sir *Thomas Barkley* brave;
Sir *John Radcliff* in Arms Royal,
With Sir *William Gaſcoyne* grave.
Next whom did paſs, with all his Rout,
Sir *Chriſtopher Pickering* proud;
Sir *Bryan Stapleton*, moſt ſtout;
Two valiant Knights of noble Blood.
Next with Sir *John Stanley* there came
The Biſhop of *Ely*'s Servants bold;
Sir *Lionel Piercy*, Knight of Fame,
Did lead ſome hundred Men well told.
Next went Sir *Mimham Markinſie*,
In Armour-Coat of cunning Work;
The next went Sir *John Mounvile*,
With him the Citizens of *YORK*.
Sir *George Darcy*, in Banner bright,
Did bear a bloody broken Spear;
Next went Sir *Magnus* with his Might,
And *Cheſtan* bold of luſty Chear.
Sir *Guy Dawney*, with glorious Rout,
Then Mr. *Danby*'s Servants bold;
Then *Richard Tempeſt*, with his Rout,
In Rereward thus Array did hold.

The Right-hand Wing, with all his Rout,
The luſty Lord *Dacres* did lead;
With him the Bows of *Kendal* ſtout,
With milk white Coats and Croſſes red.
All *Keſwick* eke, and *Cockermouth*,
And all the Capeland craggy Hills;
All *Weſtmoreland*, both North and South,
Whoſe Weapons were great weighty Bills.
All *Carliſle* eke and *Cumberland*,
They with Lord *Dacres* proud did paſs,
From *Branton* and from *Brughly* Sands,
From *Grayſton*, and from *Ravenglaſs*.
With Striplings ſtout from *Stainmore* Side,
And *Auſten-Moor* Men marched even;
And thoſe that *Giſland* Grave did hide,
With Horſemen light from *Heſhan-Leven*.
All theſe did go in *Dacres* Band,
All theſe enſu'd his Banner broad;
No luſtier Lord was in this Land,
Nor more might boaſt of Birth and Blood.
Many ſtrong Horſes, huge of Height,
Were all his own to give or ſell;
A Baron fair by his Birthright,
And Heritage, which to him fell.
Theſe Royal Lords thus Ray did hold,
With Ranges, Ranks, and warlike Wings;
But yet the Man is left untold,
From whom true Valour fairly ſprings.
Whoſe worthy Praiſe and Proweſs great,
Whoſe glorious Fame ſhall never blin;
Nor *Neptune* never ſhall forget,
What Praiſe he hath left to his Kin.

Sir *Edward Stanley*, ſtiff in Stour,
He is the Man on whom I mean;
With him did paſs a mighty Power
Of Soldiers ſeemly to be ſeen.
Moſt lively Lads in *Lonſdale* bred,
With Weapons of unwieldy Weight;
All ſuch as *Tatham* Fells had fed,
Went under *Stanley*'s Streamer bright.
From *Bolland* Bill Men bold came on,
With ſuch as *Botten* Banks did hide;
From *Wharmore* up to *Whittington*,
And all to *Wenning* Water-Side.
From *Silverdale* and *Kent* Sand-ſide,
Where Soil is ſown with Cockle-Shells;
From *Cartmel* eke and *Conney* ſide,
And Fellow's fierce from *Forney*'s Fells.
All *Lancaſhire*, for the moſt part,
The luſty *Stanley* ſtout did lead;
A Stock of Striplings ſtrong of Heart,
Bro t up from Babes with Beef and Bread.
From *Warton* unto *Warrington*,
From *Wiggan* unto *Wireſdale*;
From *Wedicar* to *Waddington*,
From *Ribcheſter* unto *Ratchdale*.
From *Poulton* and *Preſton*, with Pikes,
They with the valiant *Stanley* went,
From *Pemerton* and *Pilling* Dikes,
For Battle Bill-men bold were bent.
With Fellows freſh, and fierce in Fight,
Which *Horton* Fields did turn in Fores,
With luſty Lads hearty and light,
From *Blackbourn* and *Bolton* i' th' *Moors*.

With Youth elected from *Cheſhire*, 51.
In Armour bright for Battle dreſt;
And many Gentleman and 'Squire,
Were under *Stanley*'s Streamer preſt.
Thus *Stanley* ſtout, the laſt of all 52
Of the Rereward, the Rule did wield;
Which done, to *Bolton* in *Glendale*,
The total Army took the Field.
Where all the Counſel did conſent, 53
That *Rouge-Croix* to the *Scottiſh* King,
With ſtrict Inſtructions ſhould be ſent,
To know for why theſe Wars did ſpring?

The Sixth Fight.

WHereas the Caſtle too of *Ford*, 1
He threatned hard to overthrow,
Rouge Croix, was charged Word for Word,
The Earl's Intent to let him know:
That if the King would ſo agree, 2
To ſuffer that ſaid Fort to ſtand,
And William Heron *ſend home free,*
Woo there was Captive in Scotland.
If thus the King would condeſcend, 3
The Earl promis'd to reſtore,
And to the King immediate ſend
Of Scotſmen *taken Captives four.*
Lord Johnſton *and Sir* Sandy Hume, 4
Richard Hume *and* William Carr:
But if King James *would yet preſume*
In wrongful Sort to raiſe up War,

Againſt

Againſt King Henry, *his Brother-in-Law,* 5
And Commons cruelly did kill,
And Piles and Forts did fierce down draw,
And Engliſh *Blood ſpar'd not to ſpill.*
The Earl charg'd the Herald ſtrait, 6
To certify the ſaid *Scots* King,
That he in Field with him would fight
On * Friday *then next following.*
And then e'er *Rouge-Croix* forth did fare, 7
The Admiral took him forth aſide,
And bad him to the King declare
His Coming and Acceſs that Tyde,
‖ *That he from Sea deſcended was,* 8
With all his total Power and Might;
And that in forward with his Grace,
He would prepare himſelf to fight.

Jack of Norfolk. And

* Mr. *Eachard*, Author of the Hiſtory of *England*, writes thus. "*Rouge-Croix*, Herald, (ſays "he) was ſent on *September* the 4th, 1513. with "a Trumpet and Inſtructions, to King *James*, to "declare to him, *That in regard he had violated "his Faith and League, and in a hoſtile Manner "enter'd the* Engliſh *Ground, that on* Friday *next "he would give him Battle, if he would ſtay ſo "long to accept it.*"

‖ "The Admiral, his Son, (ſays the ſame "Author) deſired the Herald to certify the King "of his Voyage by Sea; and *becauſe he could meet "no* Scotch *Ships there, he landed, that he might "juſtify* Andrew Barton's *Death:* Adding fur-

And when the Scots *for him did call,* 9
In Days of March *to make Redreſs,*
For Andrew Barton *their Admiral,*
Whom he with bloody Blade did bleſs.
Now he was come in Perſon preſt, 10
The ſaid Sir Andrew's *Death to avouch;*
And if it in his Power doth reſt,
Quoth he, *I ſhall ſerve him with ſuch.*
For there no Scot *ſhall 'ſcape unſlain,* 11
The King in Perſon ſole except;
For ſo of Scots, Quoth he again,
No other Mercy I expect.
And yet e'er *Rouge-Croix* went his way, 12
The Earl and Counſel did expect,
That the *Scots* King, without Delay,
An Herald would again direct.
Rouge-Croix was yet commanded there, 13
No *Scotch* Man near the Field to bring,
Leaſt he their Conduct might declare,
And thereby Dangers great might ſpring.
Then *Rouge-Croix* ready took his Horſe, 14
Bedeckt with Coat of Arms moſt brave;
With him did go a Trumpet hoarſe,
That *Scots* their Coming might perceive.

Their

" ther, *As he expected no Mercy from his Ene-*
" *mies, ſo he would ſpare none but the King him-*
" *ſelf, if he fell into his Hands; and to make all*
" *good, he would be in the Front of the Battle.*"
Such was the valiant Spirit of this unconquera-

Their Geldings were both good and light,
From galloping they ſeldom ſtay'd,
'Till at the length they view'd in Sight,
Whereas their Enemies Army laid. 15

The *Scottiſh* Watch ſoon them deſcry'd,
And them convey'd before the King,
Where he with Barons bold did 'bide,
Whom *Rouge-Croix*, on the Ground kneeling,
With ſeeming Salutations greet, 16
And after his Inſtructions ſtraight,
Each one expreſt, in order meet,
And Letters 'livered in their Sight.

Whom, when the King of *Scots* had heard, 17
And alſo read his Letters large,
Ev'n Frantick-like he fuming far'd,
And Bombard like, did Boaſts diſcharge.

If true, quoth he, *let be expreſt*, 18
Thou Herald ſent, anon recite:
And was your Earl ſo bold of Breaſt,
Thus proudly to a Prince to write?

But ſince he ſeems to be ſo rough, 19
I ſwear by Scepter and by Crown,
He ſhall have fighting fill enough
On Friday, *before Sun go down.*

For here to God I promiſe Plight, 20
We ne'er will part from this ſame Hill,
'Till we have try'd your Earl's whole Might,
And given their Folks fighting their fill.

Becauſe he vex'd our Land of late, 21
Perchance his Stomach is extoll'd:
But now we will withſtand his Grace,
Or thouſand Heads there ſhall be poll'd.

To Preſence then he call'd his Peers,
To whom he read the Earl's whole Bill;
And Audience given with ireful Ears,
Some ſaid it came of little Skill.
An Earl of ſuch a ſimple Shire,
To annointed King ſuch Words to write!
Some bad the Schedule caſt in Fire,
Some for to ſpeak did ſpare for Spite.
Some ſaid the Herald of his Head,
Such Talk *Extempore* did expreſs,
And counſelled that with all Speed,
An Herald quickly to addreſs,
To know of the Earl *Surrey* plain,
If he ſuch Meſſage did procure;
And 'till the Time he turn'd again
The *Engliſh* Herald to make ſure.
Whereto the King did ſoon conſent,
That *Rouge-Croix* ſhould with them remain,
And home with the *Engliſh* Trumpet ſent
Their Herald, *Iley*, call'd by Name.
Who was commanded for to know
Of the Earl and his Counſel ſage,
If *Rouge-Croix* Truth to him did ſhow,
Or if he had ſent ſuch Meſſage?
And if true Tydings he had brought,
And to his Grace avouch'd no Lie:
The King in Mind anon forethought,
How he the Earl might terrify.
He *Ilay* then inſtructed ſtrait,
With Letters large and eloquent;
Which done, they ſoon ſet forth that Night,
And to'ards the *Engliſh* Camp they went.

But

But at a little Village poor, 31
Iley did light, and Lodging take;
For the Army was two Miles or more,
Whilſt clanging Trumpet Noiſe did make.
The Night was even at Midſt well near, 32
And the *Engliſh* Lords lying on Graſs,
'Till Time the Trumpet did appear,
And told Earl *Surrey* all the Caſe.
How that the *Scots* they did detain 33
Rouge Croſs, and credit him would not;
And for to know the Truth more plain,
The King himſelf had ſent a *Scot*.
Which he conſtrained for to ſtay, 34
And lodg'd then in a Village mean,
Leaſt he their Order might diſplay,
And ſo the *Scots* Advantage gain.
Which when the Earl he underſtood, 35
And view'd the *Scotch* Mens dealings all,
He in a ſound and ſober Mood,
Upon his Council ſtrait did call.
Where he in Preſence did repeat 36
The total Tale the Trumpet told;
The Counſel mus'd, with marvel great,
Why *Scots* their Herald did with-hold.
And Cauſes none they could conject, 37
But all Surmiſes were deferr'd;
And ſage Advice was then defect,
'Till they the *Scottiſh* Herald heard.
Wherefore as ſoon as *Phœbus* fair, 38
Dame *Luna*'s Light and Stars did ſtain,
And burning in the Fiery Chair,
His ſtartling Steeds hal'd forth amain.

The

The Earl then call'd his Counſel ſage,
Who ſoon on Horſeback did ſurround;
And every Man did bring his Page
To hold their Horſes in that Stound.
But when they ſtept within the Street,
The *Scot* was ſcarce from Cabbage got,
Where he the *Engliſh* Earl did greet,
With little Court'ſie, like a *Scot*.
Which done, the Earl did then command
His Meſſage he ſhould manifeſt;
Then *Ilcy* quickly out of hand,
His chiefeſt Charge anon expreſt.
My Sovereign Lord, quoth he, *King* James
Would of your Honour gladly hear,
If Rouge-Croſs *was charg'd in your Name,*
Such bold Words to his Grace to bear.
My Maſter doth miſtruſt his Words,
They cannot well be underſtood;
Likewiſe do all our Peerleſs Lords.
Then ſoon he told what *Rouge-Croix* ſaid.
Quo' th'Earl, What does thy Maſter mean,
Of Herald ours to make ſuch Dread?
He did not forge the ſame, nor feign,
Nor do we any Favour need.
Our Heralds Words we'll juſtify,
Who truly did the ſame reveal;
His Writings too the ſame will try,
Which of our Arms do bear the Seal.
Wherefore I of thy Maſter muſe,
Our Herald why he handleth ſo,
And 'gainſt all Reaſon doth refuſe
Our Meſſage to make Anſwer to.

Then

Then *Iley* to the Earl reply'd,
I ſay, *quoth he*, ſo ſaid my Lord;
And to your Meſſage at this Tyde,
I ſhall make Anſwer Word for Word.

And for *Ford* Caſtle, firſt of all,
Which to preſerve you make ſuch Suit,
To ſave the ſame from Fire or Fall,
My Maſter thereto biddeth Mute.

And for the Owner of the Fort,
Who *William Heron* hath to Name,
My Maſter ſays, to ſhow you ſhort,
He will not anſwer to the ſame.

For *Johnſon* and Sir *Sandy Hume*,
Richard Hume and *William Carr*,
Our Prince himſelf in Perſon's come
Them to redeem by Dint of War.

If you your Meſſage dare make good,
On *Friday* next in Field to fight,
My Maſter with a manful Mood
To mighty *Jove* hath promis'd Plight,

For to abide the Battle bold,
And give their Folks fighting their fill;
And that your Lordſhip ſhow I ſhould,
So grateful be his Grace until,

As any Earl all *England* thorough,
For if you had ſuch Meſſage ſent,
He being at Home in *Edinborough*,
He would have anſwer'd your Intent.

Now

Now if with Dint of Sword you dare 54.
Abide his Grace in Battle bold,
On † *Friday* next, he craves no far,
My Meſſage whole now I have told.
A thouſand Thanks, Earl *Surrey* there 55.
Unto the Royal King did yield,
Whoſe Princely Heart did not forbear,
So ſimple a Lord to meet in Field;
And then a valiant Vow he plight, 56
That he the Battle bold would 'bide,
And on prefixed Day to fight;
Which done he did command that Tide,
The Scottiſh Herald *Iley* klept, 57.
A Seaſon there he ſhould ſojourn,
And in ſafe Cuſtody be kept,
'Till time that *Rouge-Croix* did return.

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† Indeed our *Engliſh* Hiſtorian very juſtly magnifies the great Courage of the *Scots* King, which by the way is no ſmall Praiſe to the *Engliſh* Heroes in conquering him. " King *James* (ſays " he) received the Meſſage of the Battle with " great Joy, being a Prince of mighty Courage, " and by his own Herald aſſur'd the Earl, *That* " *he did ſo much deſire to engage with him, that* " *if he had been at* Edinborough, *he would have* " *left all Buſineſs for that Purpoſe; and therefore* " *he would not fail to abide Battle at the ap-* " *pointed Day.*"

When as the Herald *Iley* heard,
Straight to the King his Servant ſent,
Who to his Grace all Things declar'd,
With the Earl's Anſwer and Intent;
The King then *Rouge-croix* did diſcharge,
Who hied Home to the Earl in haſte,
Then *Iley* was let go at large,
When *Rouge Croix* came, who was kept faſt.
Then *Rouge-Croix* did make true Report
To th' Earl and Captains in like Caſe,
As he had ſeen, and in what Sort
The *Scottiſh* King encamped was,
Even on the Height of *Floddon-Hill*,
Where down below his Ord'nance lay,
So ſtrong that no Man's cunning Skill,
to fight with him could find a Way.
Such Mountains ſteep, ſuch craggy Hills
His Army on the one Side did not loſe;
The other Side great grizly Gills
Defence about with Mire and Moſs.
Then the Earl he underſtood,
He crav'd of his Captains all,
Forth with manful Mood,
Fortune as would fall.
They ſoon conſent,
a Guide,
ight hent,
Tide!

The

The Army preſs'd thus to proceed, 65
And all prepar'd in Ranks to fight,
Came on a Champion then indeed,
With Sword in Hand, in Armour bright,

At firſt his Face his Helmet hid, 66
Thus plainly have I heard report,
Who ſwiftly by the Ranks did ride,
And to the Earl did ſtrait reſort.

The Army marvell'd at this Man, 67
To ſee him ride in ſuch Array;
But what he was, or whence he came,
None of them all could certain ſay.
When he the Earl of *Surrey* ſaw, 68
From off his Steed he leaped there;
And kneeling, gracefully did bow,
Holding his Horſe and quiv'ring Spear.
In little Time he Silence break, 69
My Lord, quoth he, *afford ſome Grace*;
Pardon my Life for Pity Sake,
For now you're in King Henry's *Place.*
Mercy, my Lord, from you I crave, 70
Freely forgive me mine Offence:
Perhaps you ſhortly may perceive,
Your Kindneſs I ſhall recompence,
Quoth the Earl then Tell us thy Name: 71
Perhaps you've done ſome heinous Deed,
And dare not ſhew thy Face for Shame,
What is thy Fact, declare with Speed.
If thou haſt wrought ſome Treaſon, tell; 72
Or Engliſh Blood by Murder ſpilt?
Or haſt thou been ſome rude Rebell,
Elſe we will pardon thee thy Guilt.
Then to the Earl he did reply, 73
My Lord, my Crime it is not ſuch;
The total World I do defy,
No Man for Treaſon can me touch.

I grant

I grant indeed I wrong have wrought, 7
Yet Diſobedience was the worſt ;
Elſe I am clear from Deed or Thought,
And to Extreams I have been forc'd.
And as for hurting Engliſh *Men,* 7
I never hurt Man, Maid or Wife ;
How be it Scots *ſome Nine or Ten,*
At leaſt I have bereav'd of Life.
Elſe I in Time of wealth and want, 7
Unto my King perſiſted true ;
Wherefore, good Lord, my Life now grant,
And then my Name I'll ſhortly ſhew.
Quo' the Earl then, Pluck up thy Heart, 7
You ſeem to be a Perſon brave ;
Stand up at once, lay Dread apart,
Thy Pardon freely thou ſhalt have.
Thou ſeem'ſt to be a Man indeed, 7
And of thy Hands hardy and wight ;
Of ſuch a Man we'll ſtand in Need,
Perchance at *Friday* next at Night.
Then on his Feet he ſtarted ſtrait, 7
And thank'd the Earl for that good Tyd
Then on his Horſe he leaped light,
Saying, My Lord, ye lack a Gu[illegible]de
But I ſhall you conduct full ſtrait
To where the *Scots* encamped are
I know of old the *Scottiſh* Sleight
And crafty Stratagems of War

Thereto Experience hath me taught,
Now I will ſhew you who I am;
On Borders here I was up brought,
And *Baſtard-Hearon* is my Name.
What, *Quoth the Earl, Baſtard Hearon,*
He dy'd at leaſt now two Years ſince
Betwixt *Newark* and *Northampton,*
He periſh'd through the Peſtilence.
Our King to Death had deem'd the Man,
Cauſe he the *Scottiſh* Warden ſlew,
And on our Borders firſt began
Thoſe raging Wars for to renew.
But God his Purpoſe did prevent,
He died of the Plague to prove;
King *Henry* his Death did ſince lament,
He wond'rous well the Man did love.
Would God thy Tale were true this Tide,
Thou *Baſtard Hearon* might be found;
Thou in this Gate ſhould be our Guide,
I know right well you know the Ground.
I am the ſame, *ſaid he again,*
And therewith did unfold his Face:
Each perſon then perceiv'd him plain;
That done, he open'd all the Caſe.
When I the Scots *Warden*
With my Blade bereav'd of Life,
I ſhould get no Pardon,
But ſure I was to ſuffer Death.

In haſte King Henry *for me ſent,*
To whom I durſt not diſobey :
So towards LONDON *ſtrait I went ;*
But hark what I wrought by the Way.
I nothing but the Truth ſhall note :
That Time in many a Town and Burrough,
The Peſtilence was raging hot,
And raging, reign'd all England *thorough.*
So coming to a certain Town
I ſaid I was infected ſore ;
And in a Lodge they laid me down,
Where Company I had no more,
But my own ſecret Servants three,
Who, fraid of Townſmen, careful watcht ;
In that Stead no more ſtay'd I,
But homeward by the Dark diſpatcht.
My Servants ſecretly that Night,
Did frame a Corps in cunning ſort ;
And on the Morning, ſoon as light,
My Death did rufully report.
And ſo my Servants ſoon that Morn,
The Corps to bury ſoon was bound ;
Crying, Alas ! like Men forlorn,
And ſeem'd for Sorrow to fall down.
The Corps they cunningly convey'd,
And made the Bells aloud be rung ;
And Money to the Prieſt they paid,
And Service for my Soul was ſung.

Which done, they Tydings ſtrait did bring
Unto King Henry *I was dead.*
Chriſt have his Soul, *then ſaid the King,*
For ſure he ſhould have loſt his Head,
If he up to the Court had come,
I promiſe had ſo, by St. *Paul*;
But ſince God did prevent our Doom,
Almighty Chriſt forgive his Soul.
To Manſion mine I came at laſt,
By Journies nimbly, all by Night;
And now two Years or more are paſt,
Since openly I came in Sight.
No Wight did know but I was dead,
Save my three Servants and my Wife;
Now am I ſtart up in this Stead,
And come again from Death to Life.
So ſaid, the Lords and Knights of Fame,
From laughing loud could not refrain;
To hear his *Gando*, had good Game,
And of his Welfare all were fain.
Whoſe Policy they had perceiv'd,
And oftentimes his Truth had try'd,
Which was the Cauſe ſo ſore they crav'd,
This *Heron* grave to be their Guide.
Read the *Fourth Part*; it makes an End
Of *Hearon*'s Story, and the Fight;
Let Young and Old to this attend,
'Twill give Inſtruction with Delight.

The End of the Third Part.